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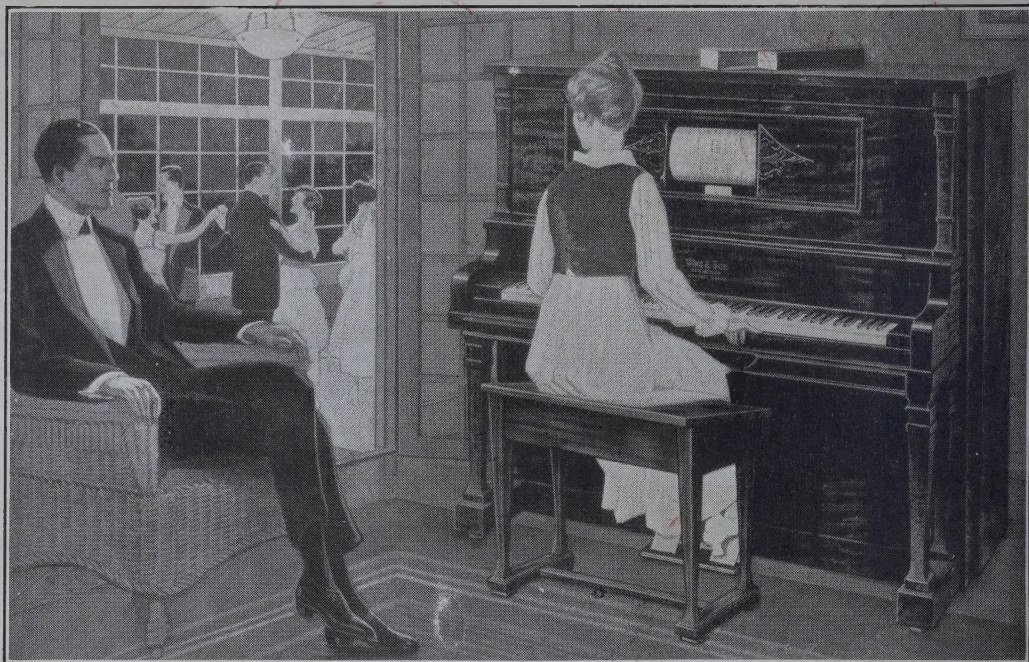
THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

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**Aug.
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SOMETHING FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

SILLY STREAKS

By Angelo Patri

BOB sat on the edge of his chair and rocked back and forth on his locked arms, chanting: "The last of Augoost is the first of September," and punctuating his chant with bursts of laughter.

"Mom, mom, do you get it? Listen—the last of Augoost is the first of September. Ha, ha. The last of Augoost is the first of September."

"What in the world is the matter with you?" said his mother, creasing her brows and holding up her threaded needle. "What silly stuff is that?"

"It's a joke. The last of Augoost is the first of September. Ha, ha!" And again and again he sang about the first of September and the last of "Augoost."

His mother had a headache, and besides that, she had a horror of silliness. She thought it a sign of weak intellect. She snapped her thread off short and ordered Bob to stop that nonsense immediately and find something to do."

Bob continued to rock and chant and giggle. His mother stood it as long as she could. Then her patience gave out and she jumped up and gave him a box on the ear and sent him flying out of the room.

Then she seated herself again and tried to compose her mind by telling herself what a silly youngster Bob was becoming. "Sitting there saying that silly thing over and over. Drives me frantic. I never could stand silly people. He's not going to grow up that way if I can stop it. No, sir. I'm glad I cuffed him. He deserved it."

Of course she wasn't glad of anything of the sort. She was sorry she had lost her temper and driven the child out with hard words and blows. The more she thought of it, the worse she felt, and she was about to go out and call him and give him a piece of bread and honey as a peace offering when she heard his voice carolling gaily to the lead of a perfect chorus: "The last of Augoost is the first of September."

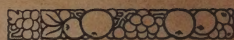
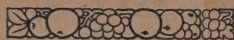
Loud and husky was the chant, broken only by shouts of laughter and stamping of feet. The crowd had gathered on the porch next door and were all chanting about "Augoost."

"Of all things. Now isn't that enough to drive a body crazy? I'm even chanting it myself. I hate to get things running in my head like that." And the annoyed mother slammed the window down.

It was just one of those silly streaks that children seem to have occasionally. The rhythm or the funny trick of pronunciation appeals to them and they repeat it until they grow weary. Then they forget it and rarely remember it ever again.

The chances are that if Bob's mother had said: "Yes, that is funny. Now, Bob, please run down to the grocery store and bring home the potatoes. When you pass the post office, ask if the afternoon mail is in, and if it is bring it home. When you get back sweep off the porch and wipe off the cellar shelves," his dismay would have driven all traces of "Augoost" out of his mind.

When you want to drive something out, all you have to do is to put something stronger in. Don't take silly streaks seriously.



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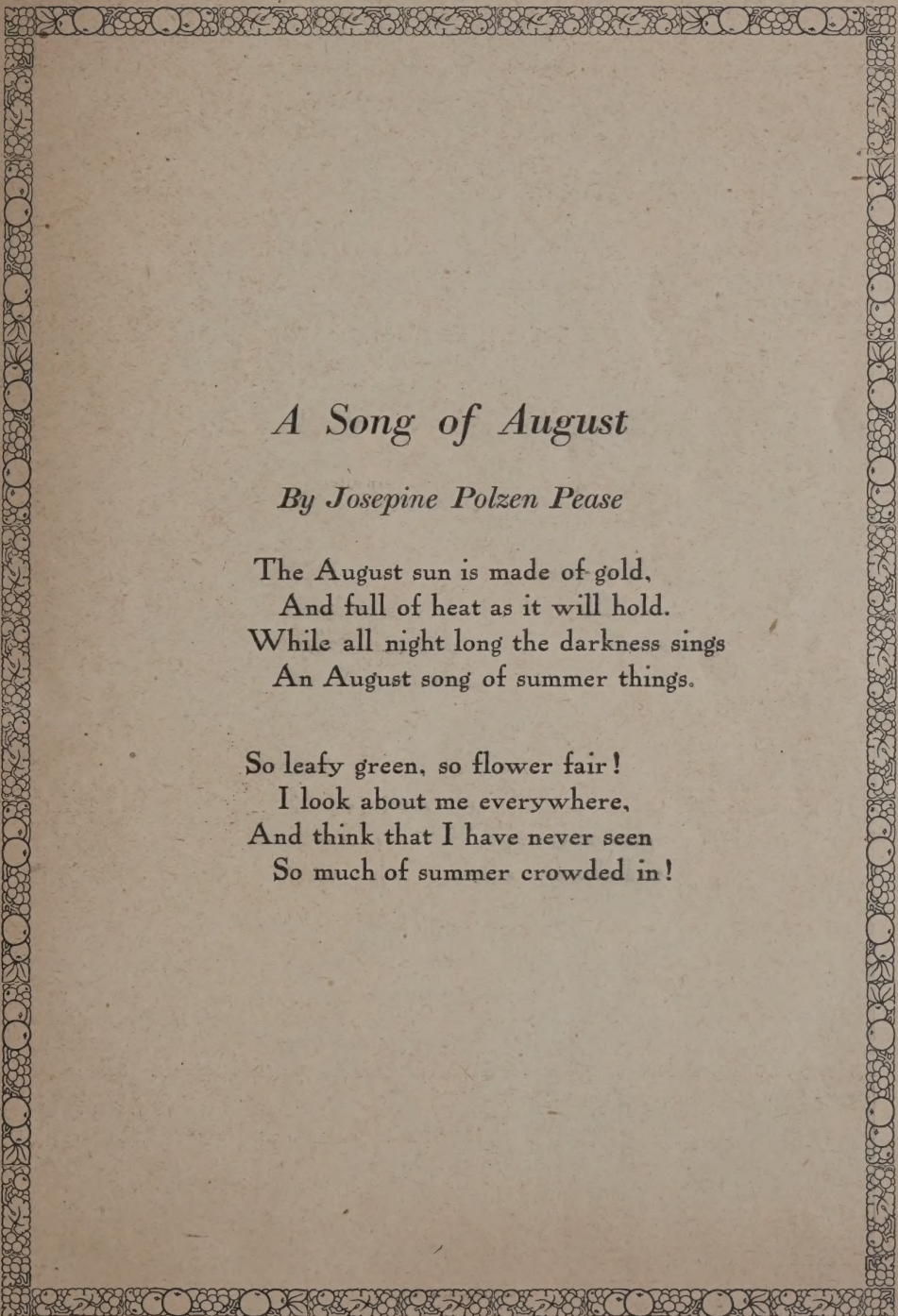
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A Song of August

By Josepine Polzen Pease

The August sun is made of gold,
And full of heat as it will hold.
While all night long the darkness sings
An August song of summer things.

So leafy green, so flower fair!
I look about me everywhere,
And think that I have never seen
So much of summer crowded in!



AUGUST DAYS

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXVI

AUGUST, 1923

No. 10

OLD THREE LEGS

By Peggy Poe



SAMBO reminded you of a huge molasses cookie. Most of the time he had a smile that covered his face and hooked over his ears. Folks liked Sambo but they didn't think him old enough to go with them to hunt Old Three Legs. Old Three Legs was a huge gray wolf, who had lost one of his feet in a trap.

Because this huge wolf had to run on three feet, folks named him Old Three Legs but it didn't seem to make much difference to the

wolf what folks named him, or even that he had lost a foot, he could catch more chickens and more baby lambs than any two wolves in Dixie, and for that reason the folks at the Big House declared that Old Three Legs must be killed.

Sambo begged to go hunting. He watched the folks at the Big House polish their guns and call the hounds and then start away in the bright moonlight to hunt Old Three Legs. Folks said that Sambo was *too small* and he would have to stay with his mammy in the nice, warm kitchen. Right then Sambo lost his smile and said he didn't like folks who made him stay at home and he wished he could grow up quick, so he could go hunting, too. Very soon he didn't look like Sambo at all, he looked like a small, dark cloud that was raining. The more Sambo rained tears over his red shirt the

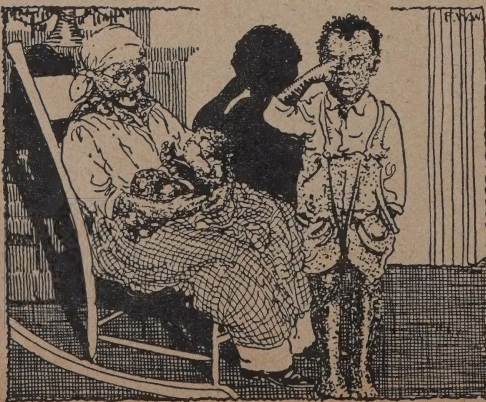
faster his mammy rocked in her old hickory chair. Sambo would stop ever so often and listen to the bark of the hounds and wonder if they had caught Old Three Legs yet.

Sambo's Mammy sang, "Buckwheat cake and Indian batter, Make you fat and a little fatter!"

"I don't want to be any fatter. I want to be big and tall so I can hunt Old Three Legs, with his long red tongue hanging out and his white teeth shining," wailed Sambo.

"Old Three Legs is going to pay a lot of attention to you. Why Honey, there is a ten dollar prize offered for Old Three Legs. He is smarter than some grown-up folks because people have been hunting that old critter for years. He is getting so old he is gray, but he gets smarter every day. If men folks can't catch him, how could a little boy? You run upstairs, Honey Child, and get some sheets out of the clothes basket and dress up and play ghost. Then you won't think about waiting to get big. Better be glad you are little while you are little. Time enough to be big when you *get* big," said Mammy as she went on with her singing.

Sambo decided that he might as well give up thinking about hunting. He went upstairs and found a sheet. He put it all around him. Then he thought how much fun it would be to play ghost with his Mammy. He knew she would run and pretend to be scared.



THE MORE SAMBO RAINED TEARS, THE
MORE MAMMY ROCKED

Then, away off from the woods, there came the sound of the hunting hounds. Sambo ran to the window. The night was very still. The moon hung in the sky as round and as white as a huge bowl. What was that going through the yard? Maybe it was one of the hounds coming home. No, it walked on three



SAMBO RAN TO THE WINDOW

Legs! It was going to the hen-house where the folks of the Big House kept their fine chickens. Could it be Old Three Legs? Could he have played a trick upon those hounds?

There was no doubt about it. It was Old Three Legs loping into the hen-house. What could Sambo do? Was he going to stand there and let this old thief carry off the fine hens? Would he stand there and let this old wolf rob the folks of the Big House, folks who had been so kind to him? Out of the dark a voice seemed to say right into Sambo's ears "*coward.*"

Sambo couldn't see anyone, but as he looked he saw Old Three Legs coming from the hen-house with a hen. That voice seemed to say again, "*coward.*"

Sambo didn't wait to wonder if he could do it. He jumped out of that window and landed on the high peak of the big porch. His white sheet waved in the air and Sambo yelled at Three Legs to drop that hen. Old Three Legs wasn't afraid of people, but he didn't know what that white thing was, on top of that porch yelling at him. He stopped right at the edge of the porch by the side of the rain barrel.



ON CAME SAMBO

But Sambo couldn't stop. The porch was very slanting and it was also wet with dew. Down Sambo went sliding at first, then faster and faster, then over and over. Old Three Legs stood as if frozen. Never in his long life had he seen a white flopping thing rolling down a roof, yelling and screaming. On came Sambo. Like a sack of sugar, Sambo came down and hit the edge of the rain barrel, then landed on the back of Old Three Legs.

The wolf tried to yelp but his mouth was full of chicken.

He let it go and rolled under Sambo's fat weight. Sambo rolled off the wolf just as the rain barrel tipped over and covered Old Three Legs, who howled and fought to get out of his prison.

Sambo wasn't hurt a bit. The wolf had made a very soft place to land, but Sambo's voice was rather weak. Just at that minute up came the hunters and the hounds.

"I've got him! I've got him!" yelled Sambo.

"Got who?" asked the hunters.

"Old Three Legs. I have got him under a barrel."

When the hunters had put

Old Three Legs in a crate, they gave Sambo the ten dollar prize money. Then Sambo had to tell them how he had caught the wolf. How folks did laugh.

Sambo took his ten dollars to his Mammy and said:

*"I am real glad that I
couldn't wish myself into a man!
Little folks can do things as
well as big folks."*



SAMBO TOLD HOW HE CAUGHT THE WOLF

ESCAPE

By Celia May Kennedy

I opened up a pea-pod, to see what made it grow,
And there sat all the little peas huddled in a row.

I don't see how they grew at all, they were so cramped in there,
Without a single window to let in light or air.

And they were just so *tickled* not to sit there any more,
They bounced right off my fingers, and rolled all around the floor!



VIOLETS by Marjorie Tribit.

IT was a trying day for Jerusha Babcock. Few people bought her violets; some admired them, but most passed by without even looking. Sammy, her baby brother, was especially impish and it was all she could do to keep him near her in the midst of crowded streets and traffic.

Near Jerusha's stand was a large florist's shop and just beyond that a blind man sat on the sidewalk selling pencils. Sammy wandered over to the blind man, just as a handsome car drew up at the florist's shop.

A man and woman alighted and disappeared inside the shop. When they came out, both noticed poor Jerusha's violets. The woman glanced from her wonderful orchids and roses to the other's wilted flowers. She handed her orchids to her husband and walked over to Jerusha.

"I will take seven bunches, please," she said.

Seven bunches! Jerusha gasped, but handed the violets to her customer. She had made seventy cents all in one sale.

When the lady walked back to the car, Jerusha heard her husband say: "My dear, why did you do that? Just look at these wonderful flowers. Those violets are all wilted."

"Oh, it wasn't because I wanted the violets," replied Mrs. Madison. "Didn't you notice the worry on that child's face? I can't bear to see a child unhappy!"



SAMMY WANDERED OVER TO THE BLIND MAN



"I'LL TAKE SEVEN BUNCHES"

While Mrs. Madison was buying Jerusha's flowers, someone threw a nickle into the blindman's hat. The coin bounced onto the sidewalk and rolled into the street.

"I get it! I get it!" shouted Sammy, and ran out into the street.

Jerusha was watching Mrs. Madison and did not notice Sammy. The chauffeur did not see him until it was too late. Jerusha screamed and people came running from all directions.

Mr. Madison lifted the hurt child.

"Who is he?" he asked Jerusha.

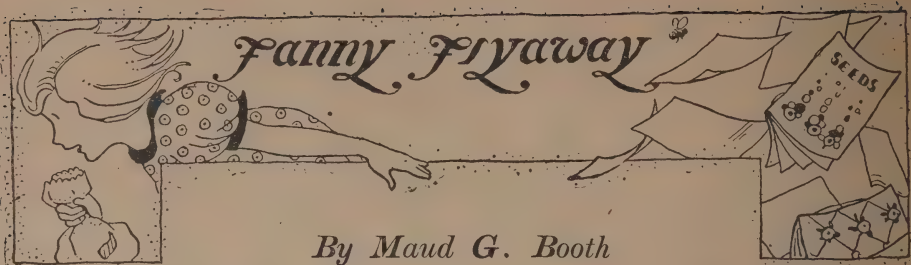
"He's my brother!"

"Get into the car," ordered Mr. Madison and turned to give his name to the traffic policeman.

They carried Sammy to a nearby hospital; a bone in one leg was broken and there were bad bruises, but the doctors said Sammy would be all right with good care.

Mrs. Madison found Sammy's mother, then, and took her and Jerusha home to her own house to stay until Sammy should have recovered. She found a position for Mrs. Babcock in the meanwhile, and on the day that Sammy left the hospital, she took him with his mother and Jerusha to a pretty little house not far from her own.

"This is to be your new home," she said. "And while Mother works, Jerusha and Sammy will go to school."



By Maud G. Booth

SHE lived on a very big farm at the edge of a very small village. You would never have guessed that her real name was Frances Fleetwood; no one ever thought of calling her by that name. If any one had, probably she would not have waited to hear them.

She was always in a hurry. She ran when she played and she ran when she worked; she ran into the house and she ran out of the house; she ran from one room to another.

Sometimes she would run past the table where her father was writing his accounts or studying his seed catalogues. Swish! Away would go Father's papers, all over the floor. She would always pick up the papers for Father. She was always sorry that she had disturbed them, though she was never quite sorry enough to remember not to do it again. So Father began to call her his "Little Fanny Flyaway."

When Mother asked her to do an errand at the little store in the village, away she would run and back she would fly. At least, it seemed as if she must be flying, she ran so fast that her feet hardly touched the ground.

Sometimes the money was lost, or the bags were torn, or the molasses was spilled. Then Fanny would take some of the money from her little bank to give to Mother. She was really sorry that the money was lost, or that the bags were torn, or that the molasses was spilled, but she was never quite sorry enough to remember not to let it happen again. So Mother, too, began to call her "Little Fanny Flyaway."

With her arms flying, Fanny would run through the room where her baby brother was eating his breakfast. She stepped on his rubber ball and burst it; she jammed some of his

tin soldiers, and she broke his little cup. Then she gave her own gilt edged cup to Baby Donald. She was sorry that she had burst the ball and crushed the tin soldiers and broken the little cup, but she was not quite sorry enough so that she remembered to go more slowly the next time. After awhile, even though he did not fully understand it, Baby Donald, too, began to call his sister, "Little Fanny Flyaway."

But in spite of her careless ways, Fanny was always so happy and always tried so hard to remember not to make trouble for people, that she was really a very lovable little girl, after all.

One afternoon, she flew out of the house and across the lawn. She ran through the orchard and down the lane toward her playhouse.

Father was planting, Mother had callers, and Baby Donald was asleep, so there was no reason why Fanny should not go to the playhouse. It was not a hot day, so there was no reason why she should not run---if she kept her eyes open.

But that was it! She did not use her eyes. She ran too near the lilac bush that shaded the front door of the playhouse.

Jerk! She could not go one step farther. Her hair had caught in the low branches of the lilac bush. The harder she tried to untangle it the more tangled it became. She tried



SHE WOULD TAKE SOME OF THE MONEY FROM THE BANK

to break the branch, but it was tough and would only bend.

At last, she sat down on the ground to wait for some one to come. Then she began to laugh.



SHE SAT DOWN TO WAIT FOR
SOMEONE TO COME

It was so funny to be caught like that! She could reach out and touch the open door of the playhouse, but she was too far away to reach the things inside.

How dirty the playhouse was! Fanny thought of the many times when she had intended to clean it and of how many times she had been in too great a hurry.

She thought of Father's papers. She thought of the lost money and of the torn bags, and of the spilled molasses. She thought of Baby Donald's rubber ball, and of the crushed tin soldiers, and of the broken cup.

It seemed to Fanny as if she had never, in all her life, thought of so many things as she thought about while she was under the lilac bush. She *had* to think: there was nothing else that she could do. It was the longest afternoon that she had ever known.

At last, she heard someone humming a little tune. She could not turn her head without pulling her hair, but she knew that Father was coming.

How surprised Father was to see his "Little Fanny Flyaway" sitting so still! While she told him how it happened, he untangled her hair from the bush.

"Father," said Fanny, with a queer little laugh, as they walked up the lane, "It seems as if I just couldn't bear ever to hear anyone say, 'Fanny Flyaway,' again. Then Father understood why Fanny was walking up the lane instead of running.

And now, if you should rap at the door some night, and ask to see "Little Fanny Flyaway," her father would say "Little Fanny Flyaway" does not live here any more. Just a plain Frances Fleetwood has come to live in her place."



SHOOTING STARS

Dorothy Shepard McComb

When you see a shooting star
Falling from the sky,
It is a little baby soul,
Coming from on high

To brighten up some home on earth;
And if you watch at night,
Sometimes they fall so slowly,
You can almost see them light.

That's what Nursie told me,
And one evening on the sand,
I stood and watched a shooting star
That didn't fall on land.

But straight into the middle
Of the sea, and so I knew
That deep down in some mer-cave
Where lovely coral grew,

A pretty mermaid mama
Was laughing with delight
Because a little mer-baby
Was born to her that night.



Queen Bee's Crown.

VIII





















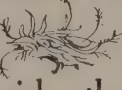






PITTER-patter! the rain was coming down. It splashed in the puddles and danced on the leaves and twinkled in Trixie's eyes. "Where shall we run?" cried Trixie. "Run to the barn!" said Bobby.

So away they ran to the barn and there was Prince the horse and Spot the dog and Mrs. Chicken and the sunflower and just outside was little Sammy Sunflower with his tool box and his saw and his

knife and a big coil of grapevine making a lovely platform out of a sunflower for his little sister Susy. "Where is the sun, Sammy?" cried Bobby. "Oho!" said Sammy, "the sun will be out again in two minutes--just you wait and see!"

"Allright," said Bobby, and in just two minutes, pop, the sun was out again. "O Sammy," said Bobby, "you are wise! Queen Bee has lost her crown. Can you think where it can be?"

"Maybe she lost it in the garden," said Sammy, "and John the gardener cut the weeds with his scythe and raked it up with his rake and piled it on the big pile."

in the  Mr. Cricket loves hay. He will look for it for you." So away they all went to Mr. Cricket's  and found Mr. Cricket practising on his  while Mrs. Cricket played the . "O Mr. Cricket," said Bobby, "will you look in the big  in the  for us and see if Queen Bee's  is there?" "Of course, I will," said . And they all ran back to the  and Mr. Cricket went headfirst right into the big  and Sam- was so excited that he went headfirst right in after him. But dear, dear, the hay choked ! It was in his   and his   and his  and his . "I'm smothering! I'm smothering!" he cried. "Save me!" Then Trixie ran and got the  and pulled off the  and out jumped Sam- my and away he ran to finish the  for his little sister Susy. But out popped . "I have looked all through the " he said "and Queen Bee's  is not there." "Thank you, Mr. Crick- ket!" cried  and  and away they went back to the meadow.



SITKA, THE SNOW BABY

By Allen Chaffee

CHAPTER X.—ADrift ON AN ICEBERG



THE MONSTER WATCHED THE LITTLE
WHITE BEAR

ON a sea ruffled to purple in the wind, the pale spidery monster with her clinging arms watched the little white bear approach. He looked liked a tasty tid-bit.

Probably it would have shortly been all up with Sitka but for an unexpected thing that happened. They were by now well out from shore, but Mother White Bear was busy catching fish. Suddenly, farther out at sea, she saw three large black fins approaching in a row---black, piratical looking fins as large as the sails of so many fishing dories. That, she knew, meant orcas, or killer whales, and with a loud whoof she summoned Sitka to turn back and make for shore as if his life depended on it.

His swift obedience saved him first of all from the giant devil fish.

From the safe vantage point of a point of rock in shoal water they watched what followed, and a battle royal it proved to be. On came the three orcas, not the largest of whales, but still thirty-foot monsters, making up in fierce-

ness what they lacked in size. Indeed, when it comes to the point, an orca can get the better of one of the great bow-heads twice its size.

The devil-fish, seeing too late the doom that was so swiftly descending upon her, tried to dart away, but she was too late. The first orca to come within reach of her great round body gobbled it down, its tentacles trailing behind like the roots of an onion, and the seas were ridded of at least one pest.

Mother White bear, watching the line of orcas swim away in a circle, with their great black fins rising from the curve of their backs, and the two white streaks on their sides shouting a warning to those that could read it, was reminded of a battle she had once seen between an orca and a cachalot, one of the giant sperm whales. Of course Sitka wanted the story.

In the first place, she told him, whales are mammals, like bears, and nurse their babies. The orca mother has a way of carrying her calf tucked behind her left flipper, as though it were in her left arm (for their flippers stand in the place of arms), and nursing it as she lies floating on a quiet sea. Both she and her calf are cream-colored on their under sides, so that the fish below cannot see them plainly and will not be frightened away. For of course they live on fish. Unlike the larger whales, the orca has very little blubber; she is lean, and hence quick and athletic, and can twist and turn, and dive and swim with marvelous agility. And though she is a good sighter, and can drive away an enemy with the utmost savagery, she loves her calf as any mother bear loves her cub. She has brains, too; she is more cunning by far than a shark.

She herself is content to eat the great, sluggish fish that live in shallow seas. But let a shark come near her baby, and she bites a piece right out of him before he knows what has happened. However, she is very fond of seal meat and Mother White Bear had seen a pack of orcas (they always travel in groups) devour seals whole.

The Eskimos around Bering Sea believe that the orcas, or

killer whales, are wolves in sea form. They tell it that when the world was young, the wolves of the land used to enter the sea, changing their form as they did so and becoming orcas. When they returned to land, they changed back to wolves.

To this day the little brown men fear the orca as the wolf of the sea.

The cachalot, or giant sperm whale, with its huge head nearly a third of its entire size, can open his jaws till an Eskimo family would find space in its mouth to build an igloo and winter in it. And this huge mouth is armed with teeth that make even the orca fear him. "Fortunately," said Mother White Bear, "Cachalots never come so far North as this. The time I saw the battle I spoke of was the time I drifted so far South on the ice. A cachalot mother had come to a quiet inlet off the coast of Southern Alaska to rear her baby. It must have been an exceptional case, for though I have heard of orcas going far South, I never knew any cachalot but that one to come quite so far North.

"Anyway, I was watching from a cliff. First I saw this cachalot mother nursing the calf under her left flipper, and I marvelled that such a huge creature could be so gentle. Then I saw a band of orcas coming. The mother cachalot saw them, too, and started to go out to meet them, but it meant leaving her calf behind, and she turned back to the little fellow, probably afraid that a devil fish or something might come by and eat him while her back was turned. But if she stayed, the orcas would get him. So she turned once more to meet their advancing front."

"She just simply opened her mouth and snapped those huge jaws on the first orca to reach her, and the water turned red around them. The other orcas---there were five or six in this pack,---tried to swim around either side of her, at a good safe distance, but she was so afraid they would reach her calf that she chased them ferociously, and they fled for their very lives, did those dread killer whales. They would have stood no chance with those great jaws of hers, swift and fierce as they were."

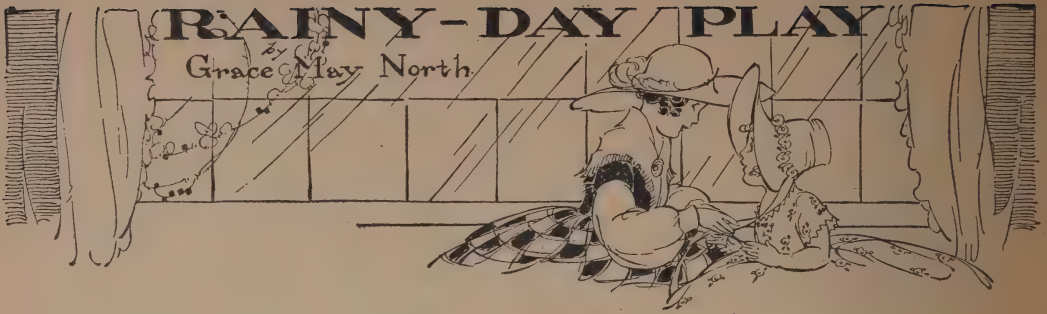
A sweep of her paw and Mother White Bear had landed a shining fish, which she proceeded to eat, bidding Sitka go catch one for himself, for he needed to gain skill in fishing.

After they had both dined and slept, and felt ready to go on, they swam about thirty miles fairly close to shore. A polar bear can swim forty miles at a stretch if she has to. Sitka tired more quickly than his mother and she allowed him to tow himself along by her tail once in a while to rest him. And again they caught fish and climbed aboard a floating ice pan to sleep the lengthening night away. That was their program for many days, swimming so close to shore that they could see the ragged outline of the pointed green-black firs when it was not too foggy. The thunder of the surf was in their ears, and the taste of the bitter brine was in their nostrils, for the wind blew the sea into foam. Then one day, the first sunny day in weeks, they came to a great field of pack ice.

The winter sun circled lower and lower about the horizon as the ice packed more and more solidly in the bay. By the first of November it was forty degrees below zero, but the little white bear and his mother loved it.



THE ORCA MOTHER CARRIES HER BABY
BEHIND HER LEFT FLIPPER



RAINY-DAY PLAY

Grace May North

SUSAN is my sister and upon each rainy day
 We think up just the nicest things to do while at our play.
 When morning lessons are all done
 We have, Oho, the finest fun!
 Sometimes we are grand ladies and we dress in silks so fine.
 We don old gowns of Grandmama's and then we go to dine.
 I wear a bonnet poked and, too,
 It's lined and wreathed with palest blue.
 We play a coach and prancing span, come dashing to our door,
 A coachman then in livery fine, bows almost to the floor.
 We sometimes get our Brother Fay
 To take this part if he will play.
 The coach is our big rocking chair, the coachman drives with skill,
 And then on leaving it, we three climb up the Front-Stair Hill.
 And knocking, enter Castle Bright
 Where Grandma beams with real delight.
 She is a royal dame, we play, in purple satin dressed.
 We all bow low and then she bids us sit awhile and rest.
 We gladly do, for well we know
 We'll hear strange tales of long ago.
 Then soon our Grandma rings the bell and orders up her tea,
 And lemonade and little cakes for Susan, Fay and me.
 We're always glad to see the rain
 That we may visit her again.



THE DUCKYDADDLES

By N. Margaret Campbell



MR. and Mrs. Duckydaddles lived in a little white house at the top of a little green hill. Right up to the door of the little white house ran a little winding path that scampered all around the black, scary bushes until it came to a lovely brook that was really a baby river. Indeed, the baby brook sometimes swelled into a full-grown river when a lot of rain fell on top of the little green hill and ran down the sides of Mr. and Mrs. Duckydaddles' little white house.

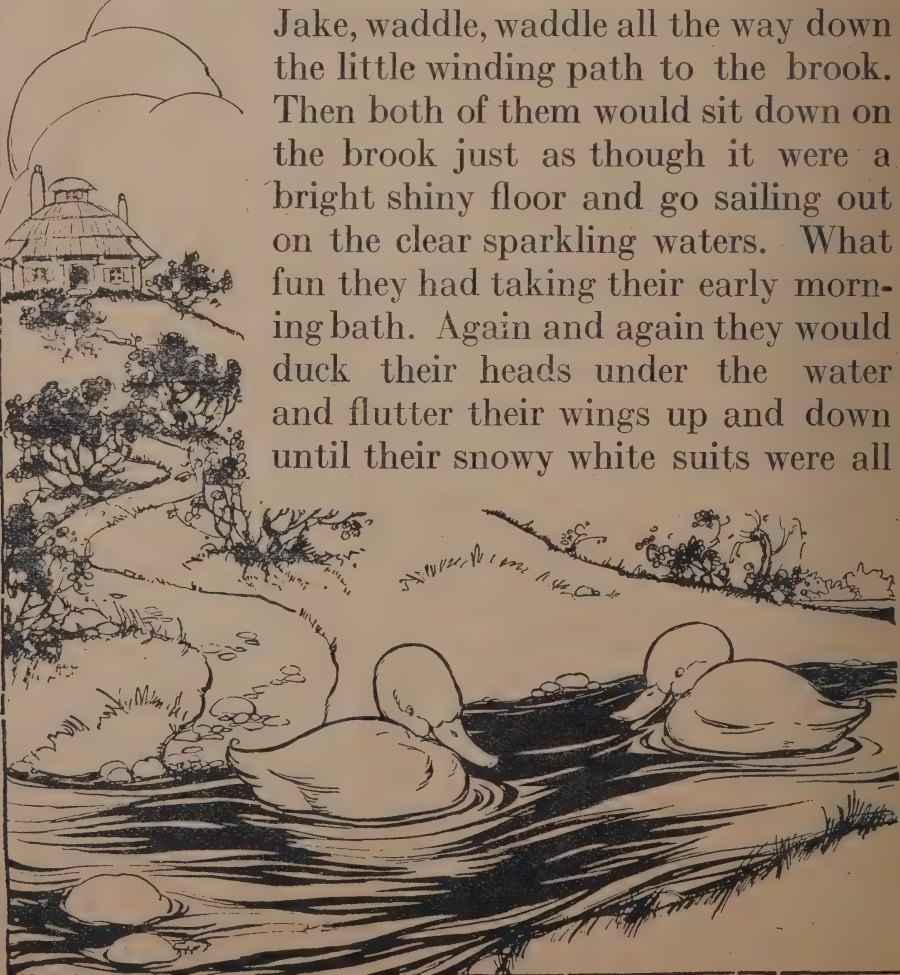
Old friends who had known Mr. and Mrs. Duckydaddles when they were dressed in soft white fuzz, before they had grown their trim white suits of beautiful feathers, always called them Jake and Martha and everybody said that Jake and Martha were quite the happiest and handsomest ducks for many miles around. Every single morning when Brother Sun threw a bright golden shaft across the door of the little white house, Martha would raise her snowy head and say "Quack! quack!" which meant "Waken up, Jake!" and Jake would raise his snowy head and answer "Quack! quack!" which meant "All right, Martha, I'm awake!"

Then they would both hurry out of the door of the little white house and stand side by side on the top of the little green hill while they quacked together very loud

and fast. That was the way they said good morning to Brother Sun. They never failed to do this even when the sky was gray with clouds and the rain came pouring down for they knew that Brother Sun was shining away just the same some place on the other side of the clouds and they did not want to hurt his feelings by not speaking to him just because they could not see him.

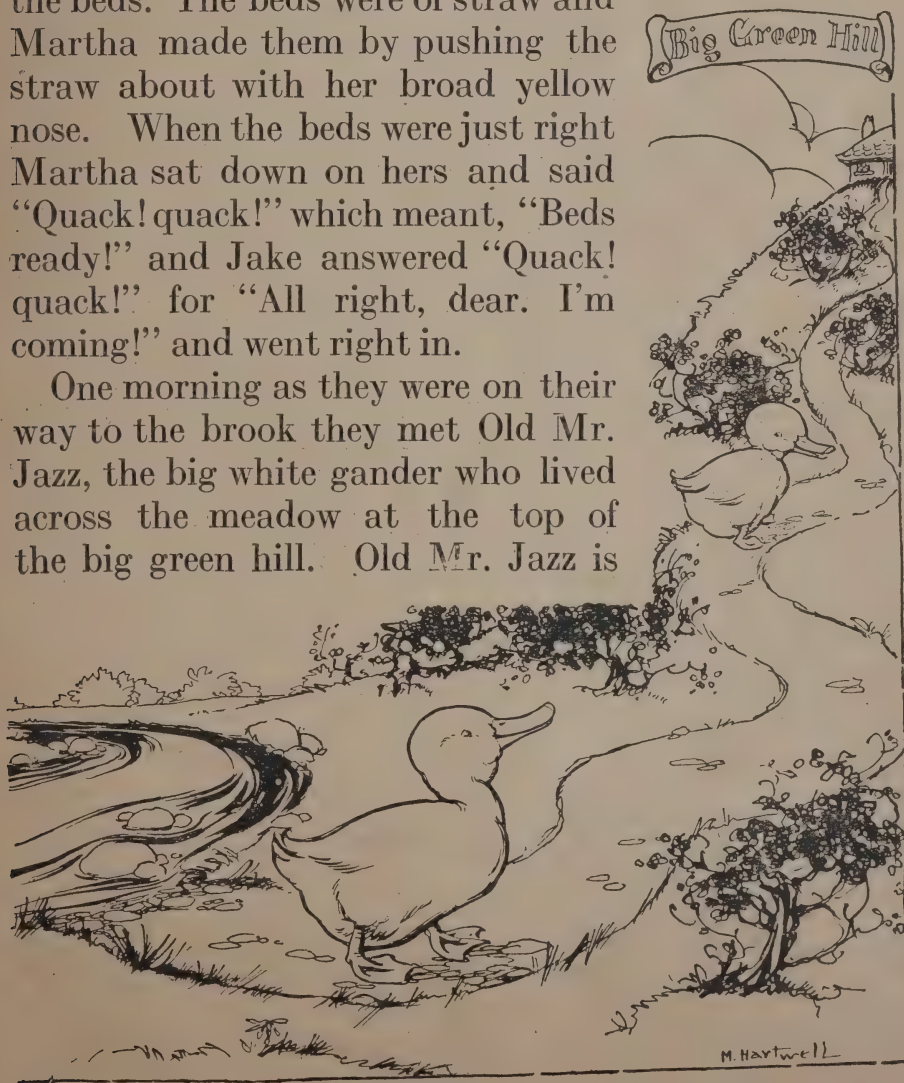
Then Martha would start, waddle, waddle down the little winding path to the brook and after her would come Jake, waddle, waddle all the way down the little winding path to the brook. Then both of them would sit down on the brook just as though it were a bright shiny floor and go sailing out on the clear sparkling waters. What fun they had taking their early morning bath. Again and again they would duck their heads under the water and flutter their wings up and down until their snowy white suits were all

Little Green Hill



a-sparkle with flashing drops of water. All day long they played on the brook and when Brother Sun had thrown his last bright arrow of gold into the brook before he went down behind the hill, they both went waddle, waddle up the little winding path again to the top of the little green hill to their own little white house. Jake always sat down outside while Martha went in to make the beds. The beds were of straw and Martha made them by pushing the straw about with her broad yellow nose. When the beds were just right Martha sat down on hers and said "Quack! quack!" which meant, "Beds ready!" and Jake answered "Quack! quack!" for "All right, dear. I'm coming!" and went right in.

One morning as they were on their way to the brook they met Old Mr. Jazz, the big white gander who lived across the meadow at the top of the big green hill. Old Mr. Jazz is



naturally of a very friendly disposition and he seemed so glad to see them that Jake and Martha invited him to go with them to play in the brook. He was delighted. What fun they had! They ran races through the water, beat their wings to see who could splash the highest and went fishing for minnows together. When they parted at the end of the day Old Mr. Jazz promised to spend many days with them playing in the brook.

It was several weeks after this that Martha stopped short when half way down the little winding path to the brook and gave the excited quack which always meant that a new idea had popped into her mind. "What is it, my dear?" asked Jake. "I've just been thinking," said Martha, "that it is such a fine day that we really ought to go to visit Old Mr. Jazz at his home on the top of the big green hill. He'd be so surprised to see us!" "Indeed he would be," agreed Jake doubtfully, stretching out his neck so that he could look to the top of the big green hill. He was growing very fast and he didn't like to think of climbing such a steep hill. "Let's go, then," said Martha, turning about and starting right across the meadow toward the hill for she never waited for Jake to make up his mind about anything.

For awhile they waddled right along through the tall waving grass with just an encouraging quack from Martha now and then to keep Jake from lagging too far behind. But just a little way up the hill Martha couldn't waddle one step farther so she sat down with a tired little quack. "Dear me," she said, "this hill is so steep and it is such a warm day! And maybe Old Mr. Jazz will not be at home anyhow." Now Martha was really much too fat to climb so steep a hill but she wouldn't have let

Jake know that for the world so she just blamed it all on the weather and Jake was much too polite to let her see that he knew she was fat so he hastily said, "It is very warm, my dear!" and sat down in the cool green grass to rest.

How long they rested they never knew for suddenly a most terrible thing happened. Straight down the hill toward them came a big black flying thing that yapped madly as it came. With one pounce it was upon them and had seized poor Jake in its big black jaws. What a dreadful moment that was! Poor Jake was too frightened to do anything more than to give queer little frightened quacks and his white feathers flew out over the green meadow like big snowflakes. Martha flew round and round in circles about them quacking with all her might and flapping her wings wildly in the hope that she might frighten off the terrible dog and save poor Jake from a most dreadful death before her very eyes.

Just as all hope seemed lost there came a loud hissing and something like a huge white bird shot through the



POOR JAKE WAS TOO FRIGHTENED TO DO ANYTHING



OLD MR. JAZZ IN A TERRIBLE RAGE

air and landed square on the black dog's back. It was Old Mr. Jazz in a terrible rage come to his friend's assistance! He seized the back of the black dog's neck in his big strong beak with a pinch that made the dog drop Jake in-

stantly so that he could howl with pain. Away over the green meadow they went, Old Mr. Jazz riding on the yelping dog's back, hissing into the flapping black ears, tweeking sharply at the back of his neck and beating him on both sides at once with his great knife-like wings. Never in all the black dog's adventurous life had he been so frightened. He really thought that he had been attacked by three dogs at once and that one of them could fly! So away he fled, too terrified to shake off Old Mr. Jazz, and he yelped for mercy with every sound known to dog language.

In the meantime poor Jake sat up and ran his yellow nose over his ruffled feathers to find out whether he really was still alive. Martha fluttered about him giving comforting little quacks. "We'll just rest a bit and

then we'll go back home," she said. "It was much too warm anyway to go to see Old Mr. Jazz. The next time we'll have him come down to the brook to see us."

That evening it took Martha and Jake a long, long time to waddle up the little winding path to the little white house at the top of the little green hill. They were both so tired after their exciting day. Outside the door of the little white house Jake sat down and slowly smoothed his feathers into place with his broad yellow nose while Martha made the bed.

"Dear me!" Martha kept saying to herself, "how good it is to be back in our little white house!" And she pushed all the straw together to make an especially soft bed for Jake. Then "Quack! quack! Bed's ready!" she said in her cheery voice, and "Quack! quack! I'm coming!" said Jake in a deep trembly voice, not a bit like his own. When they were both seated side by side in the little white house, Martha said, very softly, "Quack quack! good night!" but there was no answer from Jake. And when Martha opened one eye to look at Mr. Duckydaddles she saw the reason why. He was sound asleep.





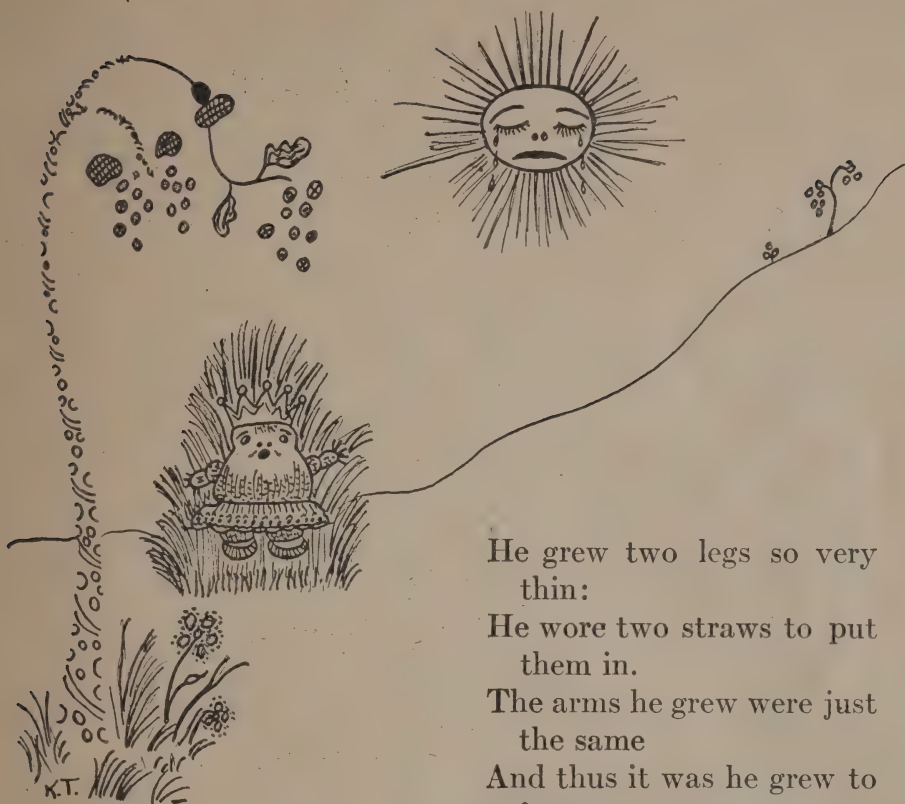
PEANUT PALS

BY
KATHARINE TAYLOR

A Peanut Pal has come to town
To tell some tales of great
renown
Of what live Peanuts really do
And draw some pictures of them,
too.
Strange things happen in Peanut
Land
And all these Peanuts form a
Band.



But you must hear how it began—
How just a Peanut found a plan;
A Peanut once grew very wise
And then he grew two purple eyes.
He grew a nose quite short and fat,
A mouth with teeth and all of that;



He grew two legs so very
thin:

He wore two straws to put
them in.

The arms he grew were just
the same

And thus it was he grew to
fame.

The Peanuts have a King and
Queen.

The Queen is fat, the King is lean—
He is so thin, when he falls down,
He slips right through his diamond
crown.

The Peanut queen is not so tall
And is the fattest of them all.
She's very good to every one
And loves to watch them play and
run.



HOW HAROLD MET A FAMOUS POET

By Maurine Robb



THERE WILL BE REAL INDIANS

"OH, I say, Dad, look here! Here's a picture of a real Indian, in all his war paint and feathers." Harold lying flat on the floor before the fireplace, with the evening's newspaper spread before him, scrambled to his feet and carried the paper over to his father's chair.

"That is one of the chiefs who is to appear at the celebration in Windermere next week," explained his father. "I have to go down to represent the company at the opening of that new fort I told you about."

"Oh, you mean Fort Thompson, the one that C. P. R. and the Hudson's Bay Company built to honor the memory of that old Englishman, or Welshman, or whatever he was, who used to draw the maps. But why the Indians? Oh, I want to see them! What are they going to do?"

"How would you like to go with me?"

Mr. Gibbon almost fell out of his chair when Harold hurled himself upon him.

"Like it? Dad, you're a brick. I'd just love it! When do we start? Didn't I hear you tell Mum that you were going to motor over that new automobile road all the way to Windermere? Hi-o, dee-did-ee I!" And Harold began turning cartwheels down the length of the living-room, bumping into his mother as she appeared at the door.

"Sorry Mum! but I'm off to tell the fellows that Dad and I are motoring to Windermere. Cheerie!" Harold righted himself, swept his mother an elaborate bow, and continued his cartwheel spin down the hall.

Harold had lived at Banff ever since he could remember. The snowy peaked mountains rearing their heads into the skies were old friends. On horseback with father, he had climbed the trails almost as soon as he could stay in the saddle. He had camped out all night, although sometimes Mrs. Gibbon felt that he was too little for such adventures. This summer, his father had bought him a complete fishing outfit, and he was already a fairly proficient angler. He had made his father explain what angling meant the

first time he had heard the word. Then disgustedly he had wondered why when people meant fishing, they bothered to say angling!

He could swim, too. That had been one of the first things to learn and one of the things he had learned most easily. In the pool at the hotel, his father had taught him the dog paddle, then the side stroke, and the Australian crawl. Harold was not a conceited little boy, but he knew he could swim better than most of the other boys who came to stay at the hotel, and it was hard sometimes to resist showing off a bit.

Today, after leaving his parents in the house, he rushed off for the hotel and his bathing suit. Once in the pool, he swam round, dived several times from the highest point on the board, and when he had satisfied himself, suggested to four of his cronies who were swimming with him that they dress and go off on a hike. Just as they were starting off a party of new arrivals drove up to the entrance. Harold glanced at them, then excitedly whispered to his little American friends.

"Say, I know who that woman is. That's Agnes Laut. She comes up here and writes all 'bout Canada. Mum reads me her books. She went to the Peace River district, where they have a midnight sun like Norway. And I remember Dad said she was coming here to write about the Rockies. She's a Canadian, but she's lived in New York for a long time. Dad says she has taught you 'Mericans ever such a lot about Canada, and when she writes about the States in our Canadian magazines, she tells us all about you. She seems to think that that is the way for us to like each other. Dad says he agrees with her. Of course, I agree with Dad."

Harold swaggered a bit as he started down the walk, with his little friends.

Leaving the main road soon Harold struck off through a path leading into the woods. Presently the path widened, and they came into a small glade, with a brook chattering on its way to the river. The sun filtered through the leafy trees, and touched with rosy fingers the snow piled on the tops of the mountains. Down in the valley below, a train whistled as it neared the Banff station.

"Do you know what this is?" Harold looked at each boy in turn. Blank expressions met his gaze.

"Well, I'll tell you. This is where Peter Pan comes to get a drink of water after he has had his lunch. Now don't tell me that you never heard of Peter Pan? Maybe you don't even believe in fairies? My gracious!"

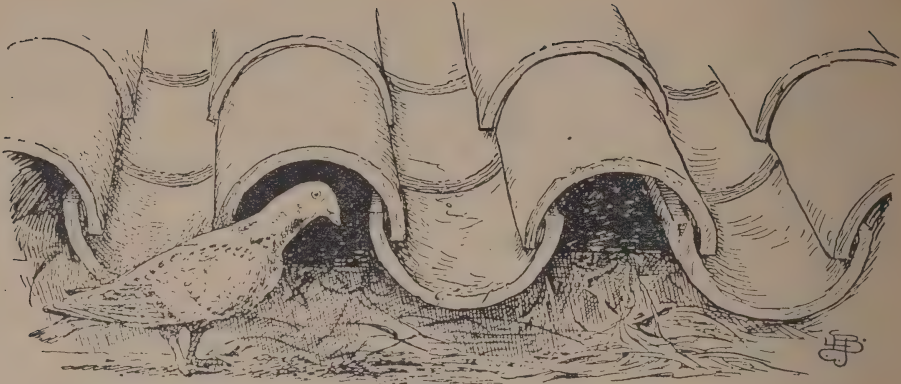
Harold shook his head and looked sympathetic. "Why, Peter Pan is the little boy who never grew up. Whenever I think of him, I think of Kensington Gardens, where many fairies live. That's in England, you know, but of course there are fairies everywhere, mother says; that is, everywhere where people are good. She read me all about Peter Pan in a book written by a Scotchman called Barrie. Maybe, sometime, she might read it to you, too, if you come up on our porch before you leave. Oh, and I say, I'm going away! Guess where? I most forgot to tell you. I am going to see some real British Columbia Indians."

"Phew-ew! Great!" exclaimed the four boys, almost in one breath.

"And I am going to motor for miles through the mountains over that new road down to Windermere. It's a celebration. Some old map-drawer and fur-trader, who lived years and years ago, built a fort at Windermere, and now Dad's company and the Bay are opening a fort built on the same spot, to commemorate this Thompson man. Dad says that there will be canoe races, and swimming races, and horseback riding. Don't you wish you were going, too?"

"Maybe we are," answered one of the boys, the one who came from Boston. "I heard mother and father talking, last night, about whether to stay here, and go back on the main line of the C. P. R., or whether to go down by motor to the Columbia Valley, and then home by Spokane, and Crow's Nest or some place there. Is that, perhaps, the place? I know they said something about a Thompson and great doings about him."

"Oh, oh, oh, won't that be fine! Jim-dandy! I bet that Dad will make up a whole party, and maybe we can be together all the time. Let's take our bathing suits and fishing tackle and let's rush back now and find out for certain sure.



I WONDER WHERE THEY LEARNED ARITHMETIC

PIGEONS WHO CAN COUNT

By Margaret Wheeler Ross

FROM my bay-window I look upon my neighbor's tiled roof.

Heavy clay tiles they are, set in a regular pattern. Close to the apex a row of these tiles is elevated and open at the end, and looks like this running the length of the building.



Some pigeons have taken up their residence in these open ends and I watch them frequently.

Here comes one with dark blue plumage!

He alights and goes down the row of open tiles, sticking his little head in each one as he passes. Ope! Two! Three! Four! and in he darts, everytime.

Look! There's a brown one. He walks demurely down the row pecking in each tile—One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! and he disappears.

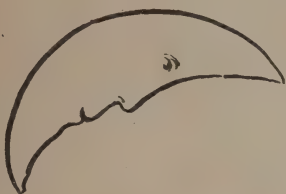
Then perhaps it's Whitey who alights, and he stops at number nine; and then the one of many colors appears and he goes all the way down to nineteen, after pausing before each opening in the row seemingly counting the apertures.

Thus it goes with all the flock which I've come to know quite well. I always count with them, and they never miss.

I wonder where they learned arithmetic!

SOMETHING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO DO

JOHNNY AND JIMMY ELF LIKE TO DRAW THESE FAIRY PICTURES.
HERE IS ONE FOR YOU TO COPY



The MOON came sailing
Down the sky,



When two tall TREES
He chanced to spy.



He leaned way down
To say "HELLO"



And there a MUSHROOM
Chanced to grow.



When the West winds
blow Jimmy and I sit under
the mushrooms and draw
pictures. Can you make some?

Johnny Elf.

JOHN T. LEMOS

LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

SOMETHING TO JOIN

DEAR HOME GUARD COUSINS:—I suppose this letter will find you doing all sorts of pleasant things in all sorts of pleasant places, as vacation time always does find girls and boys.

Probably it is because you are so busy having the best possible time that our Honor List for this month isn't any larger, and that we have so few new Stars, and that our Junior Roll isn't growing any faster. I'm sure fall will see all those three going ahead as fast as we could wish, and we will have our Star meeting not this month as planned, but after you are all back in school and settled down for the winter's work.

HONOR GUARDS

Olive R. Metcalf, 1, 2, Elizabeth Ellingwood, 1
3, 4, 5. Lydia Nichols, 5, 6
Ruth Ellingwood, 1 Dorothy Thomas, 1, 2

Marion Smith is responsible for our new Leominster (Mass.) Star. The members are Marion Smith, Emily Smith, Alice Smith, Louise Doyle, Marjorie Doyle, Evelyn Howe, Janet Porter and Marjorie Gould.

In Shelbyville, Indiana, Dorothy Thomas has formed a new Star, with the following members:—Dorothy Thomas, Mary Ann Stephen, Georgia Tucker, Virginia Ann Rodell, Martha Hinshaw, Margaret Edwards.

And Frances Wamsley sends this revised list of members of the Tuscola (Ill.) Star:—Elinor Davis, Mildred Howard, Georginia Fuller, Jervae Meister, Eloise Shafer, Lois Cruzan, Margaret Moody, Pauline Walthall, Betty Smith, Juvae Moorehead and Frances Wamsley.

To date these names appear on our Junior Guard Roll:—Grace Hart, Leominster, Mass.; Belle Faucette, Portsmouth, Va.; Voncile Forehand, Byers, Okla.; Robert Pearson, Gene Karshal, Jane, Alberta and Wilma Beasley, George Owens, Jr., Frances, John, Robert and Franklin Miles, Harold Hubbell, Edwin and Bernice Rich, Virginia Britton, Jackie Burhoe, Genevieve O'Brien, Marie and

Allen Andrews, all of Seymour, Conn., and Frank Holley, who was the first little Junior to be enrolled. Perhaps you would be interested to know that the little girl who sent the names of the Connecticut Juniors is not herself a Guard because she belongs to so many things already; but she is an interested reader, and I think she is being pretty nice to our club, don't you? Don't forget to do as well yourself. You can, I'm sure, because almost every boy and girl knows at least one child under five whose name might be added to our roll. It costs nothing to enroll a Junior Guard, and they are not expected to keep pledges till they are older, and only then if they wish to become Home Guards. Your part is to set them a good example in obedience, kindness and unselfishness. Please send me a name for our Junior Roll before long—just one name of some little tot would make our roll large indeed if everybody contributed!

A great many good suggestions for a motto for our club have been sent in, but because they are still coming, I will not print any of them yet. Any Guard, old or new, may suggest a motto, but please do not send more than three apiece. When the list of suggestions is complete, we will vote for the one we think best suited to our club.

Will Mary Louise, Box 235, Rifle, Colorado, please send me her full name so I can record her as a member?

Will some eleven-year-old Guard please write to Belva Knipp, 2121 South Ridgeland Ave., Berwyn, Illinois?

In the spring I promised you that I would tell you about a new plan for giving our Home Guards their ranks, but until now there has been so much to talk about in our Guard meetings that there hasn't been an opportunity to explain it to you.

For a long time now we have been printing beside the name of each Honor Guard a number, or several numbers, which indicated the number of the pledge

(Continued on page 471)

LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

(Continued from page 470)

or pledges that Guard had kept since last reporting. It's been a pretty good way, but I think you will agree with me that the new way will be more interesting, for after this we will give our Honor Guards names instead of numbers. In order to do this, we shall have to make a new rule—that *henceforth only one honor may be won at a time*. That means that you will bear the name going with your rank for a whole month. When you read the names you will readily see that it would be confusing to be three or four kinds of Guard at once. Of course, if you have been keeping two or three pledges at the same time, and have won them all, you may have them, but win the rest singly.

If you win your first honor within the next month, your name will not appear with the figure 1 after it on the Honor List, but you will find that you are a Star Guard. If you win your second honor, you will be a Home Guard. If you win your third honor, you will be a Sunshine Guard, and if you win your fourth you will be a Jewel. Winning your fifth honor will make you a Life Guard. The seventh, of course, will make you a citizen Guard and bring you the Grand Honors as well. Do you think you will like this plan?

No matter when you became a Guard, it isn't too late to begin winning your honors, and now is a very good time. Let's try to have a long, long list next time.

If you are not a member, would you like to have a circular telling you all about the Home Guard? We have some new and very explicit ones that will answer about all the questions you can think of. A two-cent stamp will bring you one. If you would like to join the club, send your name, address, age and birthday date to "Cousin Constance, c/o 'Little Folks Magazine,' Salem, Mass., and ask to be enrolled. Five cents with your request will bring you a pin.

Remember that at all times I am glad to have letters and reports and suggestions for improving our club. What would you like to have us do that we are not doing now? Write me about it.

Your loving
Cousin Constance.



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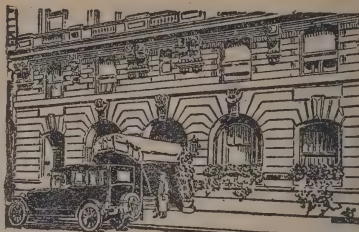
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W. JOHNSON QUINN, President

**After
Every
Meal**

WRIGLEY'S

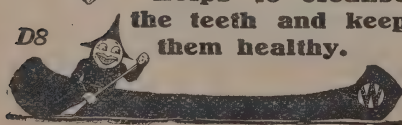


**and give your
stomach a lift.**

**Provides "the bit of
sweet" in beneficial
form.**



**Helps to cleanse
the teeth and keep
them healthy.**



DONALD SARGENT

Donald Sargent is Johnny Austin's best friend, and he hopes that he will have a seat side of him in September when school opens again. Don is spending the summer in New Hampshire on a lovely lake, and it's an ideal place for Indians to trail wild beasts. Don's Indian suit is light brown, with a darker brown leather fringe. The Indian head dress is every color you can think of, but mostly red. The bow, and quiver of arrows are brown. Don can hold the bow, if you make a slit on the dotted line on the tab at the end of his hand, and bend it back so that it won't show. The bow can be put through the slit. His best blue suit, at the middle of the top, has a lighter blue tie. His cap is blue, too. His sweater is red, and the trousers with it are gray. The blouse above Don is white with blue initials, and blue trousers. Don, himself, has red hair, but to make it look right you must not use red, but just put a little red with your brown water color. His eyes are blue, and he wears brown shoes and stockings.



THIS SCHOOL BOX GIVEN

to any boy or girl who will send us one new subscription to LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE. This noiseless companion contains pencils, pen, Van Dyke eraser, etc.

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SOMETHING TO MAKE OF COLORED PAPERS



PA BEAR TRIED TO GRAB HER

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

X.

The window seemed very inviting to Goldilocks and out of it she jumped, tumbling on the ground.

Pa Bear tried to grab her as she went, but he was too slow. The window was too small for him, so he ran for the door, but Goldilocks had escaped.

(Look on page 476 for directions for coloring this picture)

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LITTLE FOLKS PICTURE BOOK

The Army of the Dragon's Teeth

Paraphrased from Hawthorne's Wonder Book by Marguerite McKie Brash

III



EACH WARRIOR THOUGHT HIS NEIGHBOR HAD STRUCK HIM

WHEN Jason had seen the last dragon's tooth in the sacred earth of the grove of Mars, he withdrew with Medea to the edge of the field, anxious to see what would happen next. And presently, in the light of the moon, there appeared all over the field, little glisten-

ing points, which grew brighter and brighter until they finally proved to be the steel heads of a myriad of spears. Next came the dazzling gleam of a vast number of brass helmets and then the fierce dark faces of the warriors themselves. With a mighty wrench each one

(Continued on page 476)

Paint the armor of Jason and the warriors grey, also color the clouds, dust and smoke, grey. Medea's hair should be dark brown; her robe lavender. The ground is to be colored dark brown; the castles pale yellow and grey, and the sky blue.

whooping cough


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ROCHE'S
HERBAL EMBROCATION



The Story of the Three Bears

By L. J. Bridgman

Directions for making the Picture

(See page 473)

First make a tracing of the whole picture on white paper. Cut out of this the parts which are to be white. Select papers of the tints you choose for the other parts. The tracing can be fastened to these tints with pins or paper clips and be used as a pattern. In many cases—a sky for instance—a tint may cover a wide space and the other objects—trees, for instance—may be pasted over this tint. The finer markings may be added with pen or pencil. The backing should be larger than the picture and of reasonably thick cardboard.

When you go visiting tell your new acquaintances how much you enjoy **LITTLE FOLKS**. Help your magazine to grow.

THE ANSWERS TO THE QUIZZIE PUZZLE FOR JULY

1. TIE-GIR or TIGER
2. PO-LAR BAR or POLAR BEAR
3. EL-E-FAN-TE or ELEPHANT
4. ALLEY-GAITORS or ALLIGATORS
5. CHIM-PANSIES or CHIMPANZEE
6. DRUM-E-DAIRY or DROMEDARY

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June Natt McIntire, St. Francis, Kans.
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Mildred Ballard, Box 224, Zeigler, Ill.
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Jamie Crossfield, Joy Coy, Colo.
Caroline Smith, 418 Quincy St., Fairmount, W. Va.
Christine Chappelle, Ashdown, Ark.
Bessie Kate Rowland, Blake, Ky.

JASON AND THE DRAGON

(Continued from page 475)

thrust himself out of the ground until they stood, a bloodthirsty army, glaring about them in anger and defiance. And as they spied Jason, standing at the edge of the field with drawn sword, they advanced upon him, flourishing their weapons and crying, "Death or Victory!" Jason well knew that he would not be able to withstand this mighty army, but he determined to die as valiantly as if he himself had sprung from a dragon's tooth.

Then Medea thrust into his hand a large stone, and cried, "Throw it among them!" And Jason threw the stone, so that it struck the helmet of one, glanced off onto the shield of another, and thence flew right into the face of a third. As each warrior felt the blow, he thought his neighbor had struck him, and they began fighting fiercely among themselves. And in a trice the whole army was in confusion, hacking off each other's heads and legs and arms with incredible skill and rapidity. As Jason watched, the entire host was stretched lifeless on the field and that was the end of the army that had sprouted from the dragon's teeth. And Jason proceeded to the King Aetes and told him that the task had been performed and that he was now ready to enter the sacred grove and combat with the dragon for the possession of the Golden Fleece.

THE SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

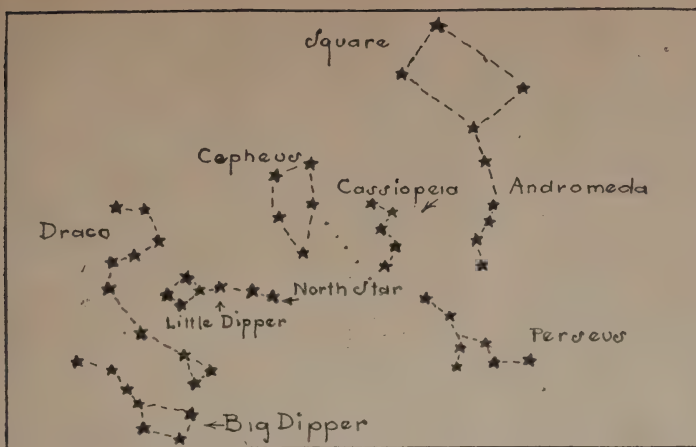
(Continued from page 477)

First Regulus gleams on the view,
Arcturus, Spica, Vega blue,
Antares and Altair,
The Goat's Head, Square and Fomalhaut,
Aldebaren, the Belt aglow,
Then Sirius most fair.

"What fun," said Anna, "to watch for those stars to appear in the east each month."

"Yes," said Cousin Jimmie, and I do hope you'll be able to have a telescope on your roof this fall so you may see some of the wonderful variable stars that astronomers are studying nowadays."

You know at least five children who never heard of **LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE**. Why not do them a favor by telling them about **LITTLE FOLKS** today.



THE SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

By Margherita O. Osborne

"IT'S nearly a year, Cousin Jimmie, since we began to learn about the stars," said Louis. "I think you've taught us a heap!"

The three children were on the beach, a night in August, when Louis made this remark.

"Think you've learned enough to pass an examination in the best known constellations?" asked Cousin Jimmie.

"Try us!" said Louis.

"Very well! First tell me how to find the North Star."

"Look for the Big Dipper, then follow the pointers, which are the two stars at the front end of it and always point at the North Star," replied Louis.

"But tell me, Anna, what is the other name for the Big Dipper?" asked Cousin Jimmie,

"Ursa Major, and that means Big Bear!" cried Anna.

"Where is the Little Bear, Francis?" asked Cousin Jimmie.

"Oh," replied Francis, "the North Star is at the end of his tail, and his other name is the Little Dipper."

"Good," said Cousin Jimmie. "Remember his Latin name is Ursa Minor, too. And what is the name of the long constellation that curves between the two dippers?"

"The Dragon," said Louis.

"And on the opposite side of the North Star, the constellation that looks like a spread-out W is —?"

"Cassiopeia," said Anna and Francis.

"And where is Cassiopeia's husband?"

"He's between Draco and Cassiopeia," exclaimed Anna, and Perseus is on the other side of her and Andromeda, her daughter, who married Perseus, is below her with her head at the corner of the Great Square."

"Well, well," laughed Cousin Jimmie. "you seem to know the Stars of the Northern sky very well, indeed. I did not know I was so good a teacher!"

Louis and Francis and Anna had another surprise for Cousin Jimmie. Francis pulled a little book out of his coat pocket "We liked your lessons so well that we got mother to send for this book you told us about once, and we've been studying a bit by ourselves, nights when you couldn't be with us."

"What book is that?" asked Cousin Jimmie,

"Olcott's Field Book of the Stars, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York," replied Anna, as Cousin Jimmie turned on his pocket flash-light to examine it"

"That's splendid! I'm mighty glad that you chose that book to start with. It gives the best directions for locating constellations I've ever run across—and a great deal besides."

"Here's a verse you ought to learn." Olcott calls it a perpetual calendar. Starting with January it gives the name of a bright star or of a constellation that comes above the horizon each month.

(Continued on page 476)



PLAYROOM COOKS

IN August the Playroom Cooks and their cousin Roger went to the country for two weeks, and such a merry two weeks as it was! There were so many interesting things to do and see that not one of the children even so much as thought of wanting to cook—they were all quite ready and always eager to eat the good things they found on the table at meal time. But one day it rained. It did seem as if it never poured harder, and Mother said it meant staying in for that day at least.

"I know something nice we can do," said Ruthie.

"I do, too," said Janie.

"Let's cook something," said Ruthie.

"For ourselves," said Janie,

"For our luncheon," said Roger.

So the Cooks went into the kitchen to see what they could find.

"Lima beans picked yesterday," said Ruthie.

"Blueberries too," said Janie.

"Plenty of bread and lots of cream," said Roger. "Now what can we make with these things?"

"We can boil the Lima beans and serve them with cream," said Ruthie.

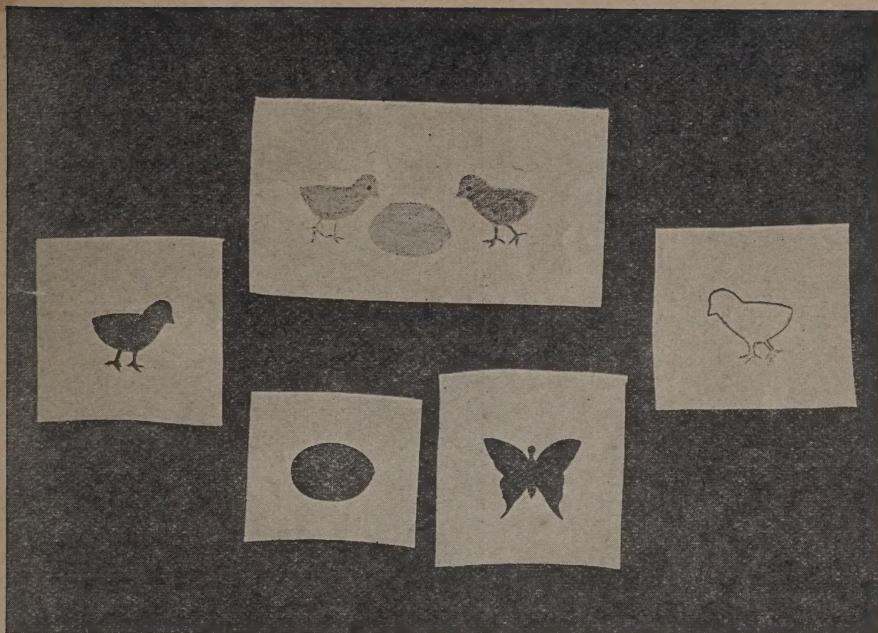
"We can have buttered toast," said Roger.

"And blueberry slump," said Janie.

And this is the way they made that delicious dessert called by the very queer name of "Blueberry Slump."

They cut the crusts from thick slices of bread, spread them with lots of butter and put them in a china bowl. Then they stewed a quart of the fresh blueberries, making them a little sweeter than they would for ordinary stewed berries, and when they were thoroughly done and still boiling they poured them over the buttered bread in the china bowl. Then they let the slump cool and afterward set it away in the refrigerator to get very cold. Because they had plenty of cream they poured some over the pudding, but it would have been very good without.

And since "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," as the old saying is, do try some "Blueberry Slump" for yourself some day in berry season.



FUN WITH STENCILS

By Patten Beard

SURELY all readers of *Little Folks* love to paint and draw. Maybe you do not know how to draw very well, though you can trace outlines. I am going to tell you how you can easily make pictures with stencils that are cut from outlines you can trace on paper.

Look over your picture-books. You will find pictures of dogs, horses, boys, girls, chickens and flowers—maybe even butterflies and birds. Find some thin tissue paper and trace these outlines perfectly. Then lay the tracing on some heavy paper such as you will find upon a pamphlet cover. Cut out the paper inside the tracing so as to leave the inside all open. This makes what is called a stencil.

Now, with a broad painting-brush—a flat stencil brush, if you can get one—paint inside the outline with one tone of color that is not very wet on the brush. Better dry the brush on blotting-paper before using it to paint over the opening of the stencil. Stencil brushes may be bought at hardware stores and cost very little. Flat mucillage brushes may be used to make stencil brushes where you can find nothing better.

In painting with the stencil, lay it flat on white paper and fasten it down with

paper fasteners so it cannot slip. When you have painted over the opening, lift the stencil paper carefully up and you will have your painted picture!

You may decorate many things with these stencil pictures; lay the stencil on linen and you may paint on it as if it were paper. You may make a linen bag with the stencilled linen. You may also decorate small desk-blotters. A package of these painted in stencil—a varied set of butterflies, perhaps—makes a pretty birthday gift when tied in sets of half-dozen blotters and held together with dainty ribbon or paper bow.

At Easter time you may decorate Easter eggs with the stencils. Make the stencils small for this work and use vegetable dye for the painting. Never use water-color paint. It is often poisonous.

You may make pretty greeting cards with thin cardboard and use your stencil to decorate them. Birthday, Easter, Valentines, Christmas cards are quickly made this way as well as decorated note-paper for party invitations.

Often you may buy sets of stencils as well as make them. They are interesting toys and useful. But try your hand at making them yourself. I am sure you will find it fun.

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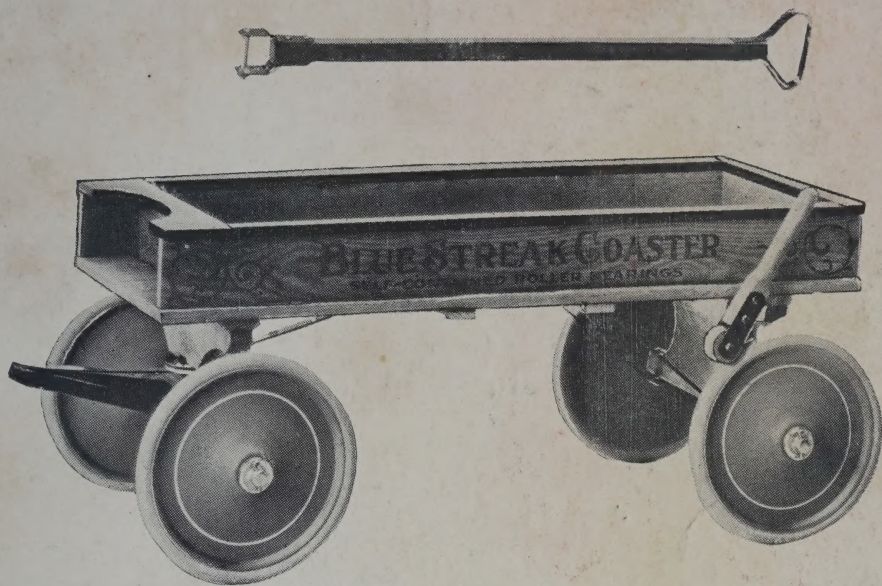
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This splendid hardwood Coaster Wagon has a body 16 inches wide by 38 inches long. It is reinforced with hardwood cleats, finished in natural color, filled and varnished and ornamented in bright red, making a very attractive finish. The bright red solid disc-steel wheels with hard rubber tires will last for years. A brake adds the touch of safety to the whole wonderful equipment, making the best kind of a coaster you can imagine.

Think of the sport you can have with it

All you need do to get this Wagon is to send 10 new yearly subscriptions to Little Folks Magazine, collecting \$2.00 each and sending the \$20.00 you collect for the ten subscriptions to us. Immediately on receipt of your order we will have the wagon shipped to you from the factory in Ohio.

Or if you send us 5 new yearly subscriptions to Little Folks at \$2.00 each remitting \$10.00 and add \$4.00 in cash to it making \$14.00 you can have the coaster wagon sent direct to you.

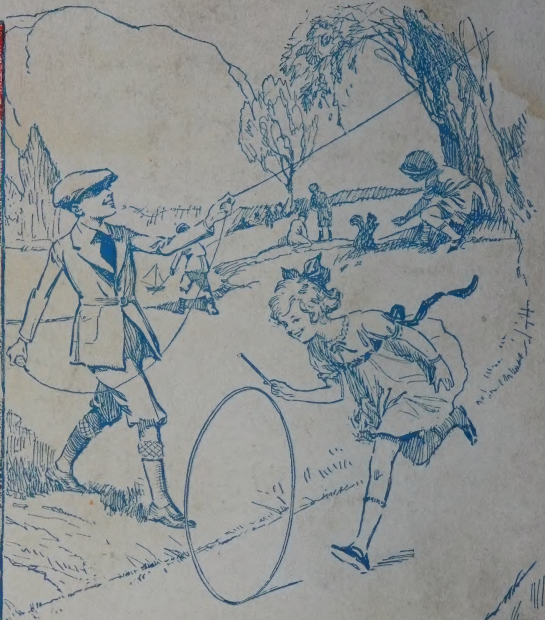
See your friends and tell them these things about Little Folks. It contains all the kinds of stories they like best. Fairy Tales, Animal stories, Fables, Nature stories, stories of real and make believe children.

Tell them it has paper dolls and things to do, things to make, new games to play, and lots of riddles to guess. Tell them it lasts a whole year and comes addressed to them every month full of new things to do and to read.

Tell their mothers or fathers that it teaches children to read and to write better, tell them that it keeps the children busy, reading, making new things and trying new games. Tell them it is carefully edited and contains only the sort of stories that they would want their children to read, nothing terrifying or scary, just good character building stories, pictures and verses.

Then send your subscriptions as soon as possible and get your Blue Streak Coaster Wagon.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, Dept. M, Salem, Mass.



"I Like Colgate's"

LONG AGO:—

Perhaps the Savage scoured his teeth
With sandy things, all harsh and gritty.
The fire enamel must have been
Extremely what a pity!
He didn't know—
—ages long ago.

Oh, what a difference nowadays,
When all our loving mothers say:
"WASH, don't scour your precious teeth,
For COLGATE'S cleans the proper way."
Yes, COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
And modern science clearly show
"The gritty dentifrice to be
A savage SCOUR of long ago.

*Reprinted from John Martin's Book,
(The Child's Magazine), May, 1923*

*You can use Colgate's during a long
lifetime without the slightest injury
to the delicate enamel of your teeth.*



Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture